

4.60                    O D E S ^        J P A R T  
H-&N Q-P H I L                    [?

At length\* methought, abndt  
midnight, (What time clear CYNTHIA  
shineth bright)

Beneath, I heard a rumbling! -  
-At first, the noise did me affright;  
But nought appeared in my sight,  
Yet still heard something  
tumbling\*

At length, good heart I took to rise,  
-And then myself crossed three  
times-thrice;

Hence, a sharp sheephook raught  
^ I feared the wolf had got a prize;  
Yet how he might, could not devise I  
I, for his entrance sought,

At length, by moonlight, could I  
espy A little boy did naked lie

Frettish, amongst the  
flock: I, him approached  
somewhat nigh. He groaned,  
as he were like to die; But  
falsely did me mock!

For pity, he cried, " Well a  
day! Good master, help me, if  
you may 1

For I am almost starved! " I  
pitied him, when he did pray;  
And brought him to my couch of  
hay\* But guess as I was served!

He bare about him a long dart,-  
Well gilded with fine painter's-  
art ;

And had a pile of steel. On it I  
looked every part: Said I, " Will  
this pile wound a heart ?<sup>s</sup> "  
Touch it! " quoth he, " and feel!  
"